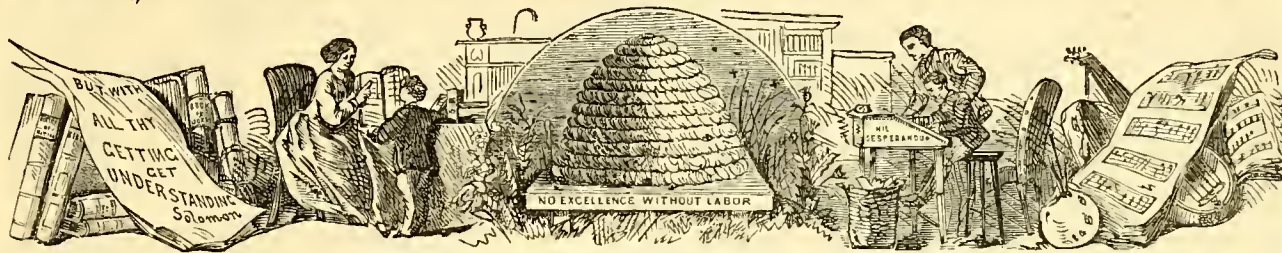


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

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NO. 24.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

THE BEE-HIVE

GOOD morning, little bee! Good morning, sir! What have you got to-day for our Juveniles, that will tend to their instruction and entertainment? Let me see! We have to-day the tenth day of November! In connection with the date, the thought which presented itself to my mind, on taking up my pen this early morning hour to write for the INSTRUCTOR, is that to-day is the birthday of a great and good man, one whom the Lord inspired to be a mighty instrument in his hands, a chosen vessel, to bring about a reformation, even a revolution, among the Christian world; a change which was destined to be a preparatory step to that great work of redemption, freedom and truth to be consummated in these the latter-days. I mean the reformer

MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther was born in the little town of Eisenach, in the now, Prussian province of Thuringia, November 10, 1483. His parents were poor but respectable, his father being a miner. He spent his youth like most of the boys, who were at that time destined for a scientific education, in the school of some dark monastery, kept by monks, and had to sing with the school choir in the streets, from door to door, as was the custom then, to obtain means for the support of the school. Besides which he had to perform the part of drudge for the bigger boys. But by his beautiful and sweet voice he gained the good will of the widow Cotta, an old lady in easy circumstances, who took the further education of the promising lad into her own hands, and was a mother to him until she died.

Thus young Martin had grown up, and had already graduated when he was sixteen years old, and spoke Latin as fluently as his own native tongue. Besides, he had acquired considerable knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew and in music. According to the wishes of his father, he prepared himself to become a physician; when one day, as it is said, he was taking a walk with one of his friends, a thunderstorm overtook them and a flash of lightning struck his friend dead at his side. This made such an impression upon his mind, that he took it as a warning from the Heavens and resolved to enter a monastery and become a monk. His father had to yield to the earnest pleadings of the young man, and Martin was ordained a Catholic priest after the order of St. Augustinus. In this capacity he was soon chosen, although very young, as preacher at the Cathedral in the city, in which office he became very celebrated in a short time as an orator. People came from long distances on a Sunday to Eisenach to hear him speak,

so popular had he become, yet all this time he continued to live in the monastery and subject to its orders, which compelled him to go barefooted, wear a gray, rough coat of brown cloth and walk once a week around the city and surrounding country with a bag on his back, begging viaticals for the kitchen of the monastery.

Exhausted by his excessive labors and poor living, he was soon prostrated on a bed of sickness so that his life was despaired of; but the Superior of his district, a certain Dr. Stauping, visited him during his illness, and, taking him by the hand, prophetically exclaimed: "Dear Bro. Martin, arise, and be of good cheer, for God has set you aside for greater things yet."

Martin Luther recovered, and was soon after selected by the Prince of Saxony as one of the Professors at the University of Wittenberg, and preacher of his court. In Wittenberg he found one day a Latin Bible on a chair in the dual library, and afterwards made a practice of perusing it, whenever he could find time. He had never seen a Bible before, and he found, to his astonishment, that the teachings of that book did not correspond with the teachings of the Catholic Church, of which he was himself a priest. He had heretofore upheld the doctrines of that faith with great energy, and looked upon the Pope in Rome as the true representative of God upon the earth; so much so, that on a journey to Rome, which he had undertaken in behalf of his monastery, he went down worshipping on his knees, when he beheld that "holy city" for the first time in the distance. His slumbering dissatisfaction with the doctrines of the church was fully aroused, when one day a monk, sent from the Pope in Rome, appeared in the country around Wittenberg and sold certificates of remission for all kinds of sins and crimes for money, which money went into the Pope's pocket.

The thirty-first day of October, 1517, he published ninety-three sentences against the Pope, the Catholic clergy and the false doctrines introduced into the Christian church. These sentences came like a thunderbolt upon the sleeping nations, and in the short time of four weeks, all Germany, France, Italy and England were aroused, and the Pope sent delegates to put down at once that fire, which was threatening to spread into a dangerous conflagration. Soon princes took part for or against the new light, but Martin Luther did not stop short with that move, but commenced a thorough reformation in church and school throughout the land. He was assisted therein by his learned and faithful friend, Phillip Melanethon,

and protected in his course by the Elector of Saxony, Frederick, the Wise, and his successor, John Frederick, the Kind.

The labors of the great Reformer now became almost superhuman. He not only continued in his office as preacher in the Cathedral, as Professor at the University, where he was almost worshiped by his students, and as counselor to his Prince in important matters of State, but he wrote also school books for the guidance of the yet ignorant clergy, who had to act as teachers; and translated the Bible into German, this being the first translation ever made among any people into a native tongue. In this way he became the father of the so-called upper Saxon dialect, which is the German language, as now spoken and written. He wrote several beautiful pieces of poetry, and some of his soul-stirring songs are yet resounding, wherever Germans dwell. His musical compositions have found their way into almost all nations; as one, I might mention here the well-known tune of "Old Hundred."

In spite of all the efforts, threats and machinations of the Pope and his party, the reformation of Martin Luther spread so rapidly, that in less than three years all northern Germany, princes as well as people, had recognized the new order of things; and Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and finally England, followed suit. The Emperor Charles V, a staunch supporter of the Catholic faith, called together all the Princes of Germany, to a national assembly in the city of Worms, to which also, Luther was invited to attend, to defend his course before "Emperor and Empire" as the phrase was. Here the poor monk of Wittenberg arose before the Emperor and the assembled Princes and defended his teachings in a powerful speech of two hours' length, and wound up thus grandly: "If I cannot be overcome with clear and good reasons from the Holy Scripture, then I cannot, and will not revoke. Here I am standing! I cannot do otherwise, God being my helper! Amen." He had to be dismissed, and his case was laid over, the Catholics not daring to hurt the fearless monk on account of his powerful friends among the princes, and his friends not being strong enough yet, to carry their point entirely.

Martin Luther continued now his labors uninterrupted, with an energy and fire, that never have been equalled by any one of those, who should have carried on after his death, the work which he had begun so gloriously. Many phrases and expressions in his speeches and writings would be considered very coarse and vulgar in our day, but more perfectly in accordance with the spirit of the times he lived in. He was given to one-sided notions and of so stubborn a disposition, that he often shut his mind against better judgment and conviction. But it must be acknowledged on the other hand, that just these peculiarities of character enabled him to stand out, all alone, and face the whole world, fearlessly tearing down the mantle of hypocrisy in which corruption, falsehood and priestcraft had wrapped themselves.

His body was not permitted to be defiled by his enemies, for he died in peace; and even his ashes have been left undisturbed during all the fearful storms which passed over his grave. He struck down the barriers, and laid open the road, for mankind, to truth and light, but his successors remained where he left them. Instead of marching on until more light could be revealed unto them from on high, "Protestantism" as it is called, kept up a wretched existence, splitting up into hundreds of sects and losing ground after a while again, instead of leading by-and-bye to the restoration of the true gospel of Jesus Christ, which the mission of Martin Luther indicated it should have done.

Thus the work of that great man was left unfinished

and defiled by the nonsense of his followers, until God revealed Himself to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and commenced a work in this the fullness of time, which embraces all what Luther did or could have done, and all his followers besides and a great deal more, that they never would have found out, as simple as it is. God has hidden it from the eyes of the wise and given it to the understanding of the pure in heart. But whatever good the reformer, Martin Luther did, he did it faithfully as far as God had given him light. He has done his work and has entered into the rest, whence he will come forth, after all the ordinances of the Kingdom will have been administered for him, and receive his reward with all the others who have labored in their Master's cause.

K. G. M.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

"There has been much said about President Rigdon being President of the Church, and leading the people, being the head, etc. Brother Rigdon has come 1,600 miles to tell you what he wants to do for you. If the people want President Rigdon to lead them they may have him; but I say unto you that the Quorum of the Twelve have the keys of the kingdom of God in all the world.

"The Twelve are appointed by the finger of God. Here is Brigham, have his knees ever faltered? have his lips ever quivered? Here is Heber and the rest of the Twelve, an independent body, who have the keys of the Priesthood—the keys of the kingdom of God to deliver to all the world; this is true, so help me God. They stand next to Joseph, and are as the First Presidency of the Church.

"I do not know whether my enemies will take my life or not, and I do not care, for I want to be with the man I love.

"You cannot fill the office of a Prophet, Seer and Revelator; God must do this. You are like children without a father and sheep without a shepherd. You must not appoint any man at our head; if you should, the Twelve must ordain him. You cannot appoint a man at our head; but if you do want any other man or men to lead you, take them and we will go our way to build up the kingdom in all the world.

"I know who are Joseph's friends, and who are his enemies. I know where the keys of the kingdom are, and where they will eternally be. You cannot call a man to be a Prophet; you cannot take Elder Rigdon and place him above the Twelve; if so, he must be ordained by them.

"I tell you there is an overanxiety to hurry matters here. You cannot take any man and put him at the head; you would scatter the Saints to the four winds, you would sever the Priesthood. So long as we remain as we are, the heavenly Head is in constant co-operation with us; and if you go out of that course, God will have nothing to do with you.

"Again, perhaps some think that our beloved brother Rigdon would not be honored, would not be looked to as a friend; but if he does right, and remains faithful he will not act against our counsel nor we against his, but act together, and we shall be as one.

"I again repeat, no man can stand at our head, except God reveals it from the heavens.

"I have spared no pains to learn my lesson of the kingdom in this world and in the eternal worlds; and if it were not so, I could go and live in peace; but for the Gospel and your sakes I shall stand in my place. We are liable to be killed all the day long. You have never lived by faith.

"Brother Joseph, the Prophet, has laid the foundation for a great work, and we will build upon it; you have never seen the quorums built one upon another. There is an almighty foundation laid, and we can build a kingdom such as there never was in the world; we can build a kingdom faster than Satan can kill the Saints off.

"What do you want? Do you want a Patriarch for the whole Church? To this we are perfectly willing. If brother Samuel H. Smith had been living, it would have been his right and privilege; but he is dead, he is gone to Joseph and Hyrum, he is out of the reach of bullets and spears, and he can wait himself with his brothers, his friends and the Saints.

"Do you want a Patriarch? Here is brother William left;

here is uncle John Smith, uncle to the Prophet Joseph, left; it is his right. The right of patriarchal blessings belongs to Joseph's family.

"Do you want a Trustee in Trust? Has there been a Bishop who has stood in his lot yet? What is his business? To take charge of the temporal affairs, so that the Twelve and the Elders may go on their business. Joseph condescended to do their business for them. Joseph condescended to offer himself for President of the United States, and it was a great condescension.

"Do you want a spokesman? Here are Elder Rigdon, brother Amasa Lyman (whom Joseph expected to take as a counselor) and myself. Do you want the Church properly organized, or do you want a spokesman to be chief cook and bottle-washer? Elder Rigdon claims to be spokesman to the Prophet. Very well, he was; but can he now act in that office? If he wants now to be a spokesman to the Prophet, he must go the other side of the veil, for the Prophet is there, but Elder Rigdon is here. Why will Elder Rigdon be a fool? Who knows anything of the Priesthood, or of the organization of the kingdom of God? I am plain.

"Does this Church want it as God organized it? or do you want to clip the power of the Priesthood, and let those who have the keys of the Priesthood go and build up the kingdom in all the world, wherever the people will hear them?

"If there is a spokesman, if he is a king and priest, let him go and build up a kingdom unto himself; that is his right and it is the right of many here, but the Twelve are at the head of it.

"I want to live on the earth and spread truth through all the world. You Saints of Latter-days want things right. If 10,000 men rise up and say they have the Prophet Joseph Smith's shoes, I know they are impostors. In the Priesthood you have a right to build up a kingdom, if you know how the Church is organized.

"Now, if you want Sidney Rigdon or William Law to lead you, or anybody else, you are welcome to them; but I tell you, in the name of the Lord, that no man can put another between the Twelve and the Prophet Joseph. Why? Because Joseph was their file leader, and he has committed into their hands the keys of the kingdom in this last dispensation, for all the world; don't put a thread between the Priesthood and God.

"I will ask, who has stood next to Joseph and Hyrum? I have, and I will stand next to him. We have a head, and that head is the Apostleship, the spirit and power of Joseph, and we can now begin to see the necessity of that Apostleship.

"Brother Rigdon was at his side—not above. No man has a right to counsel the Twelve but Joseph Smith. Think of these things. You cannot appoint a Prophet; but if you let the Twelve remain and act in their place, the keys of the kingdom are with them and they can manage the affairs of the Church and direct all things aright.

"Now, all this does not lessen the character of President Rigdon; let him magnify his calling, and Joseph will want him beyond the veil—let him be careful what he does, lest that thread which binds us together is cut asunder. May God bless you all."

After President Young had made these remarks, other elders addressed the people, and among the rest Sidney Rigdon was called upon. During the entire afternoon he sat in the stand with his back to the congregation, and much of the time with his head down. He had no inclination to show himself to the people, and if his conduct and appearance gave a correct idea of his feelings, he felt badly. He declined to speak, but called upon Elder W. W. Phelps to speak for him. Not one word did he utter in a public congregation of the Saints after making his remarks that morning.

Those who were called upon to speak having finished their remarks, President Young again arose and addressed the assemblage. Among other things he said to the people:

"I do not ask you to take my counsel or advice alone, but every one of you act for yourselves; but if brother Rigdon is the person you want to lead you, vote for him, but not unless you intend to follow him and support him as you did Joseph. Do not say so without you mean to take his counsel hereafter.

"And I would say the same for the Twelve, don't make a covenant to support them unless you intend to abide by their counsel; and if they do not counsel you as you please, don't turn round and oppose them.

"I want every man, before he enters into a covenant, to know what he is going to do; but we want to know if this people will support the Priesthood in the name of Israel's God. If you say you will, do so."

He added a few more remarks, and then asked the Elders and other officers as quorums.

"Do you want Brother Rigdon to stand forward as your leader, your guide, your spokesman?"

But Sidney Rigdon told him at this point that he desired him to bring up the other question first, which he did by asking:

"Does the Church want, and is it their only desire to sustain the Twelve as the First Presidency of this people? Here are the Apostles, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants—they are written on the tablet of my heart. If the Church want the Twelve to stand as the head, the First Presidency of the Church, and at the head of this kingdom in all the world, stand next to Joseph, walk up into their calling and hold the keys of this kingdom, every man, every woman, every Quorum is now put in order, and you are now the sole controllers of it. All that are in favor of this, in all the congregation of the Saints, manifest it by holding up the right hand."

The vote was unanimous. He then said:

"If there are any of the contrary mind, every man and every woman who does not want the Twelve to preside, lift up your hands in like manner."

Not a hand was raised.

THE OLD CHARGER AND THE BAKER.—It is wonderful to see how the horse, when once properly instructed, never forgets what he has been taught. There are many amusing instances of this; as in the case of the old charger which a London baker had purchased, and on which he rode when supplying his customers with loaves and hot rolls. Passing, one morning, the gate at Hyde Park, the trumpet sounded for the regiment of life-guards to fall in. No sooner did the sound assail the ears of the old charger than away he darted into the park,—off flew the baker's hat, out jumped the loaves from the panniers;—in vain did the baker try to restrain his headlong speed.

In a few seconds he found his horse had placed him in the front rank of the Guards.

The baker tried in every way to get him to quit the position, but all to no purpose.

The soldiers were enjoying the grotesque appearance of the baker and his horse, when one of the Guards recognized the animal, and informed his comrades that some years ago it belonged to the regiment, but had been sold on account of infirmity.

Several of the officers kindly greeted their old companion; and the Colonel, to carry on the joke, gave the signal to advance. Away once more went the baker, and away went the remaining contents of the panniers. Various other evolutions were performed, in which the animal displayed great skill, and it was only when the retreat was sounded that it consented to resign itself to the guidance of the baker's bridle.—*Selected.*

FRANK AND SUSIE.—"There, that kitten's run into the pantry!" said Mrs. Lee, as she was hurrying about her dinner. "Children, one of you get her out won't you?"

"I will," said Frank, clattering into the pantry. "Here, 'seat, clear out!"

Poor kitty, frightened with the noise, ran wildly in every direction but the door, and finally crept behind a barrel. When he found that she would certainly stay where she was as long as he scolded, he tried coaxing. But it was too late for that, kitty would not trust him.

"Here, kitty, kitty; come, little kitty," said Susie, in gentle tones, as she came with quiet footfall into the pantry. Kitty knew that pleasant voice: she put her head out, but hesitated.

"Come, kitty, dear little kitty," said Susie again; and kitty at once ran out, and Susie carried her off.

Mrs. Lee had heard it all.

"Which do you think the better way, my boy," laying her hand on Frank's shoulder, "Susie's or yours?"

"Susie's," Frank replied,

Gentleness and kindness are better than roughness, and the rule of love better than that of fear.—*Selected.*

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NOT many days ago we heard a lady of our acquaintance relate a circumstance which pleased us. It gave us an excellent idea of the good that is being done in a humble, quiet way by the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The lady is the mother of two daughters, whom we will call Rachel and Leah, two Bible names, the names of two of the wives of the Patriarch Jacob. Leah is a little girl, and is not able to read herself, but she is very fond of having her sister read to her, and whenever the INSTRUCTOR comes to hand, she is very eager to hear what it has to say. By this means she learns many good ideas, which, if she remembers them, will prove useful to her in future days.

It seems that Leah, though a little girl, was very fond of tea and coffee, particularly tea. If she saw any person drinking it, she would be sure to ask for some also, and would not be satisfied until it was given her. She was told many times that she ought not to think of drinking either tea or coffee; but what was said to her seemed to have no effect upon her, she still wanted to get these articles to drink. One day her sister Rachel, in reading to her out of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, found a little piece about the folly of children drinking tea and coffee, and giving them reasons why they should not drink these things. This she read to Leah, who listened very attentively to all that was said. She requested her sister to read it to her again, which she did; and frequently afterwards she desired to hear this little piece. It made an impression upon her, and though but a little child, she felt that what was said was true. The effect upon her mind was all that could be desired. She was cured of asking for tea or coffee. From that day up to the present she has never touched tea; she does not want it any more. We hope her resolution will never be forgotten, and that she will grow up to be a woman who will neither drink tea nor coffee.

We like to hear such accounts as this. It proves to us that our labor is not thrown away. There is at least one child upon whom a good, and we hope, a lasting, impression has been made. This is worth far more than gold or silver. The worth of one soul is exceedingly great in the sight of the Lord, and if we can be the means of helping to save souls through publishing this little paper, our joy will be very great. The children in this church are becoming very numerous; they are growing fast and will soon be men and women. If they can be taught correct principles, and be led to adopt proper habits, they can be very useful in building up the work of God on the earth. It is with the object of teaching them these things that this little paper has been published, and our constant desire is that it may be successful in its mission.

THERE are some people so superstitious concerning Friday that they will never commence a journey or any important undertaking on that day. We frequently meet with such per-

sons; but facts prove that Friday is not an unlucky day. We heard a story once told about a merchant who determined to test whether Friday was unlucky or not. He was about to build a vessel. He had the keel laid on Friday; the ship was launched on Friday; she sailed on Friday, and, to use the words which he is credited with having said, "she must have gone to the bottom on Friday;" for he never heard of her afterwards.

This may be true or not; but Friday is a very eventful day in American history.

It was on Friday, that Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

On Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

On Friday, Henry III of England, gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

On Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

On Friday, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Princetown; and on Friday, they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present constitution.

On Friday, George Washington was born.

On Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

On Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred; and, on Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were and ought to be independent.

CARRYING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.—Not many years ago, Robert Nisbett, of Massachusetts, owned a pet span of horses and a numerous family, who were also pets, as was every living thing under his protection. The district school-house was a mile off over a bleak road in this very snowy country. These horses, when colts, were accustomed to carry and fetch the children, and after a while were intrusted with the whole business. After being hitched up to the old lumber-box sleigh, they would "of their own free will and accord," trot up to the farm-house door, receive some half-dozen or more children, who in great glee would "pile in" among buffalo skins and blankets. Then these horses, without a driver or guidance of any kind, would start off briskly (for they were smart, if not fast), go to the school-house, turn up to the door, wait for these happy children to tumble out, then make their turn carefully and return home. At night they were sent alone for their load again, and would turn up to the school-house door and wait patiently for the children. This business was done by these horses for twenty years, and their kind master kept them until old age carried them off.—*Selected.*

KATE AND THE GOAT.—Little Kate had many friends, and was generally a cheerful, good-natured child; but she had a great fault, which sometimes got her into trouble—she was very stubborn. One day she had to cross a stream of water on a plank which served as a foot-bridge; but just as she stepped on one end a goat stepped on the other. Now, Kate resolved that she would not give up to a goat; so they met on the middle of the plank, and stood still for a few minutes looking at each other. The goat *could not* turn back; so as Kate *would not*, he ended the dispute by pushing her into the water, and walking quickly over. She soon screamed for help, and was taken out dripping wet and quite mortified. Though we should be firm in matters of duty and principle, let us not be stubborn about trifles, and yield when we ought to do so.—*Selected.*

CHILDHOOD is like the mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

WHAT'S IN IT.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

OUR engraving reminds us forcibly that Christmas is now nigh at hand. The two boys, the basket, the game lying close by, all speak of the time when gifts and before the fabled Santa Claus will pay them a visit, loaded with a thousand good things, to make young hearts happy. But Santa Claus is not known in the land where



good feelings are the order of the day, and of the many little souls who are now counting the days and hours those boys dwell. It is easy to see by their smock frocks and rough clothes, by the milestone near which they are

resting, that their home is an English one, and in England, Christmas presents and New Year's gifts come without the aid or agency of St. Nicholas.

Our picture, however, tells its own tale. The two boys, one with a basket, heavy with good things has met the other carrying the hare and pheasant. Both are tired and glad of the chance of a rest and a chat. The one informs the other how he is taking a present for the Squire, whilst the second tells the first, how that he is bound for the house of Such a one. It is very easy to see what one is carrying, but what is in the basket, so closely shut, is the question that soon excites both minds. True, it is none of their business what is in it, but that does not make them any the less anxious to know, and it is evident that if they can find out without cutting the string that holds the basket-lid they will unravel the mystery before long.

We have known boys and girls do very mean things to satisfy their curiosity. The desire to obtain knowledge is one of the strongest planted in the human mind, and is manifested in very early childhood by the many questions a little child will ask. But that is a different thing to prying into other people's affairs and meddling with their business when we can do them no good by such curiosity. The boys here, cannot do any good by finding out what is in the hamper, and probably the person to whom it belongs does not wish them to know. "Mind your own business" is said to be the "Mormon maxim," and any person who gives way to foolish curiosity must often come in contact with this sensible peice of advice.

Christmas time is observed amongst all people who believe in the Lord Jesus, as a time of rejoicing and praise, when men give gifts one to another, and to their children in memory of the day when was brought about the saying of the Scriptures that God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son that men through faith in Him and by obedience to His holy word might be saved. But we all know, that there are in this age many wicked men who claim to be believers in our Savior, and as may well be expected they spend this time of rejoicing in very foolish and wicked ways. By gluttony, drunkenness, gambling and the like, they profess to show their thankfulness to God for the birth of His Son. This, your good sense, will tell you is wrong and displeasing to our heavenly Father, for though He is well pleased when His children are happy, He is not so when they commit sin and run into excess of laughter and folly. To be moderate in all things is wise, and to run into extremes is folly, and men must be very dark in their minds who cannot see that the joy inspired by thankfulness for the coming of the Redeemer is widely separate from rioting, debauchery and drink.

G. R.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

AT the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater we met a company of apostates, who were in full retreat from the Valley, unwilling to trust God's providence to screen them from the wrath of our enemies, and were anxious to get back to the States. The night following we encamped at the eastern end of what is known as the Seminole cut-off. The company intended to travel on this cut-off in the morning. That evening the chaplain of our company, a young elder who had a fondness for adventure, proposed that he should travel on the old route, for the purpose of meeting a man for whom he had transacted some business in the States, and who, he was informed, was returning in a company of apostates. Captains Berry and Brinton thought he ought not to attempt

to go by that route alone; at this, one of the other elders volunteered to accompany him. But when morning came the latter had changed his mind; for it had stormed during the night, snow had fallen and it still snowed very hard, and he thought the weather too disagreeable for so lonely a trip. Mr. Chaplain, however, in opposition to all remonstrances, was resolved to go, and he started out alone on horseback, taking with him some blankets and a few crackers. It was the eleventh day of June—a strange time, you would think, for snow to fall, yet it continued to descend until the middle of the afternoon, and was so deep that when he came to a place on the Sweetwater, called the Rocky Ridge, he was obliged to dismount and lead his pony. It was a lonely trip which he took, and through a wild, desolate country, it was with considerable pleasure, therefore, that he came in sight of the camp which he sought just as the sun was going down. It was encamped on what is known as Quaking-Aspen Creek. The man whom he expected to meet was not in the company; but he found others whom he had known, persons who did not love the gospel sufficiently to endure the trials promised to the Saints; but were desirous to return to that Babylon from which they had been gathered. When the chaplain rejoined his companions, the elders, he related the incidents of this trip and I was permitted to take the following account from his journal:

"I had just staked my animal to feed upon the brush in the neighborhood of the camp, when a company of discharged Government teamsters passed by on their way east, under the guidance of George Merrick. On account of the hardships which they endured the past winter, they were very indignant at everybody called 'Mormon.' They had calculated on enjoying themselves at our people's expense in the Valley; but instead of that, they had been kept out in the mountains all winter, and they were disappointed. An hour later one Ephraim Thornton, a young man who when a boy in Nauvoo had been a schoolmate of mine, and who was now an apostate, took me aside and informed me of a plan which had been arranged to rob me of my horse. A discharged Government teamster had sworn to take it, or die in the attempt. I thanked Mr. Thornton for the information; but I advised him to have the camp look to their own affairs and I would conduct mine, adding that I did not fear this teamster's threats, as 'barking dogs seldom bite.' There was one Mr. Stout in this company, with whom I conversed. He was bound for the States, and was accompanied by his wife. He told me that he had been successful in raising stock in Cedar Valley, and had sold them for the gold to the army he had just passed at Fort Bridger. He pointed out to me a young hatchet-faced Missourian, with long hair and snake-like appearance, whom he represented as a Government teamster, a poor fellow for whom he felt compassion and whom he was carrying to his home. It was vain for me to advise him not to trust Mr. Hatchet-face too far. He had confidence in him; I had none; I would not have trusted him out of my sight. My views in relation to him received speedy confirmation; for while standing with my back to the fire looking in the direction of my pony, I heard Mr. Stout swear very hard at his wife for leaving the wagon. His sack of gold, amounting to \$1,500 had disappeared. An investigation revealed the fact that not only was the gold missing, but crackers, blankets, several watches and other things, besides a race mare belonging to one Joseph Greenwood, were all gone, and with them the poor fellow, the Missourian, for whom Mr. Stout had felt so much compassion! It afterwards transpired that he had been making his arrangements for flight for several days. My advice to Mr. Thornton for the camp to look to their own affairs was very timely, as this transaction proved.

"That my horse might not be stolen I made my bed upon the snow, holding the bridle in my hand, and my pistols ready for use in my belt. But I was undisturbed. I arose in the morning and left the camp and its misery to continue my journey towards the home of our people. As I left the last crossing of the Sweetwater and was ascending the South Pass, I met a company of our brethren, under Captain Abram Hatch, going to the North Platte on business. It was fortunate that I took this route, for they had word for our company which had I not met them we would not have received. Upon learning where the elders were, they turned and accompanied me. We found the company on the cut-off five miles from its junction with the old road."

Our chaplain seemed happy at rejoining us, and from his wearied looks and blistered face, we judged he would not soon go again in search of apostates. But, as he said in his journal, it was fortunate that he had taken that route. The providence of the Lord was in it, and it was overruled for our good by his meeting Captain Hatch and companions. They brought us President Buchanan's amnesty proclamation, which was read, also the intelligence of our people's move South; also instructions from President Young to the effect that unless otherwise instructed, we were to take the Sublet cut-off to the North until we struck Bear river, and then travel on the trail which would lead us to the head of Echo Cañon. From Captain Hatch, also, we learned that it was the intention of Col. Albert Sidney Johnson, the commander of the army, to leave Fort Bridger the following Monday for the Valley. We rejoiced at meeting these brethren, and felt that the Lord was with us. He had preserved us in passing Forts Kearney and Laramie, and had now, through his kind providence, removed uncertainty and doubt as to what course we should pursue, and we praised him for His kindness towards us.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

SILICATES.

ALTHOUGH pure silicic acid is insoluble in the acids (except the hydrofluoric), and is extremely difficult to decompose, even by the most intense heat; this is not the case when it is combined with the alkalis or the alkaline earths. When thus combined, namely, as *salts* of silicic acid they are designated "silicates," and, in this state, the carbonic acid of the atmosphere decomposes them, liberating the silicic acid, or silica.

An experiment may be easily made by procuring some of the artificial silicate known as soluble glass, a silicate of potass, described in a former article as "water-glass." Dissolve this in pure water, and thus form a solution of silicate of potass. Upon transmitting through this, or mixing with it, carbonic acid, the solution from being perfectly pellucid becomes turbid; and, by continuing the supply of carbonic acid, it acquires the consistence of jelly. This is called gelatinous silica, it is a hydrate of silica; if this is allowed to remain long enough undisturbed the silica will separate from the carbonate of potass which is formed, and become hard as stone; this is precisely the substance that forms the agate and the opal, and a large number of quartz rocks described before.

Now this kind of operation is continually going on on a grand scale in the laboratory of nature; the hardest rocks are formed by similar means, and, in as simple a manner others are decomposed. Silicates are acted upon by the atmosphere when moisture is present, carbonic acid, always existing in the waters, dissolves out the *base* of the salts of silica, forming an alkaline solution that is carried off in the waters, setting free, or "precipitating," to use chemical language, the silica, thus forming siliceous stones.

But silicates (salts of silica) have often more than one base, silicate of potass (soluble glass) has only one. Silica with alumina forms a silicate of alumina, this salt can chemically combine with the silicate of potass. In that way a "double salt" is formed; of course we must not

forget that by the term "salt" we do not mean a substance that has a saline taste, as table salt (chloride of sodium), but a body that is formed by the chemical union of an acid and a base, as shown before.

In nature these double salts abound in our mountain masses, some silicates are the result of the chemical union of several such salts. It is important to remember the difference between *chemical* union and mechanical admixture, which has been explained when speaking upon the nature of salts. Granite is an instance of mere mechanical mixture of quartz, feldspar and mica, in which these substances are promiscuously mingled together. The quartz is *not* a silicate, it is pure silica; the feldspar contains silica in chemical union with alumina, and silica chemically combined with potass, it is a *double* salt, a silicate of alumina and a silicate of potass chemically combined together. Mica is a silicate of alumina, silicate of potass and a silicate (per silicate) of iron chemically combined. Our Temple granite does not contain mica, but a substitute for it that is even more complex in its nature, a horn-blende, which is a compound of several silicates. It is this complex character of the silicates that gives rise to the great variety of earths, decomposition breaks up the rugged masses of our mountains, water carries off the products to lower levels to be deposited in other states, as will be explained when the litho-logical structure of our rocks is under consideration.

Now, children, make a solution of water glass; get some fragments of marble and put them in a bottle. Pour in some water, so as to cover the marble. Then carefully add some hydrochloric acid (muriatic acid). The carbonic acid now set free may be *poured* out of the bottle into the solution of soluble glass, for it is heavier than the atmosphere. Thus the silicic acid may be separated, and the first lesson in rock making be practically illustrated.

BETH.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

From "FAMOUS BOYS AND HOW THEY BECAME GREAT MEN."
Published by James Miller, New York.

THE name of Elisha Kent Kane, in the language of his biographer, has passed into history, the history of science and heroic adventure. The youth of his country desire to know him personally, intimately. There is a lesson in his life for them. Hero-worship is a form of devotional faith which may or may not yield its best fruit to the worshiper: the spirit of a generous emulation must work in him to produce them, and for this he needs the directory of the facts and influences which grew his model into greatness.

Elisha Kane was born in Philadelphia on the 3rd of February, 1820; his father was John K. Kane, a member of the Philadelphia bar, and afterward Judge of the United States District Court. Elisha was the eldest of seven children. His child-history is full of incidents and adventures; in his boyhood he evinced the same daring spirit and indomitable energy and perseverance which characterized him through life, and in his Arctic adventures rendered him the pride of his countrymen, and the admiration of the world.

His frame was admirably fitted for all manner of athletic exercises, and his impulses kept it well up to the limits of its capabilities, daring and doing everything within the liberties of boy-life with an intent seriousness of desperation which kept domestic rule upon the stretch. It was not the monkey mirthfulness, nor the unprincipled recklessness of childhood, that he was chargeable with, but something more of purpose and tenacity in exacting deference and enforcing equity than is usually allowed to boyhood.

Difficult, daring, and desperate enterprises, not only

useless but recklessly wild, worked in him like one possessed. The following exploit will illustrate this peculiarity of his character:

When about ten years of age, he was seized with a desire to reach the top of the kitchen chimney, which stood sixteen feet above the roof, and set about to accomplish it in the following manner:

Having made such preparations as were necessary, he fixed upon the night for the attempt, and waiting until all the family were asleep, then, arousing his younger brother, who slept with him, they proceeded to the roof of the front building, and dropped themselves upon that of the kitchen.

The clothes-line, with a stone tied securely to one end, was already lying there in wait for them.

"What is the stone for?" inquired his brother.

"Why, you see, Tom, the stone is a dipsey. I call it a dipsey (a newly-coined word of his to suit the occasion) because I'm going to throw it into the flue, so that it will run down into the old furnace, carrying the line down with it, and then I can slip down and fasten it there. Now for a heave. The chimney-top is almost too high for me. It is pretty near twenty feet, I should think; but I'll do it."

After many unsuccessful attempts in throwing the line, he at last succeeded, and the stone was heard to fall within the chimney. Elisha rushed through the trap-door down to the kitchen, fastened the stone, and was back again ready for the most difficult part of the undertaking.

The chimney was built on the edge of the roof and very narrow, so Tom was firmly planted with the rope in his hand by which to prevent Elisha from swinging out beyond the roof, and thereby run the risk of falling some forty or fifty feet to the pavement below.

These precautions being taken, Elisha seized the rope, commenced his ascent hand over hand, but on reaching the top bricks he attempted to draw himself up by them, but found they were loose and insecure. With much difficulty he managed to get his elbows over the edge, and then dexterously worked himself up to the top.

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed he, as he seated himself on the dizzy height, "what a nice place this is! I'll get down into the flue to my waist, and pull you up too. Just make a loop in the rope and I'll haul you in. Don't be afraid—it is so grand up here."

But this feat he could not accomplish, his strength proving inadequate.

Descending the rope now was nearly as dangerous as the ascent, but he began the descent cautiously though fearlessly, and reached the roof in safety. It was now necessary to remove all evidence of their wild prank, and after thoroughly washing the rope, cleansing it from the chimney soot, they retired to bed, happy in the success of their task.

"Elisha as a boy had not a vice or a fault that could spoil the man; but he had scarcely an inclination that promised success in the life designed for him. There was riding at breakneck speed to be done; trees and rocks to climb; pebbles to pick; dogs to train; chemistry, geology, and geography to explore, with his eyes and fingers on the facts; sketching, whittling, and cobbling to do, with other heroics of muscle and mind—all mixed in a medley of matter and system, for which there was no promising precedent, and no prophecy of good."

It was not until his sixteenth year that he began to feel the deficiencies of his education, he then addressed himself vigorously to the work of repairing them, and made such rapid progress in his studies that he was enabled to enter the University at Virginia in the same year. He remained here a year and a half, when a dangerous illness compelled him to relinquish his studies and return home. This illness proved to be a disease of the heart, and for a long period there was little hope of his recovery. The physician told him that any incautious movement might prove fatal. "You may fall, Elisha," said he, "as suddenly as from a musket-shot." With this knowledge ever present before him, he became earnest and hopeful, prepared to die, ready to live.

Once, while at the University he told a cousin that he was "determined to make his mark in the world." And, notwithstanding the critical nature of the disease, which rendered death almost impending and at any moment probable, he resolutely pursued this purpose, and in no

instance abated his efforts or his studies in consequence of his physical infirmities.

He adopted the profession of medicine, entered the office of Dr. William Harris, of Philadelphia, and pursued his studies with much zeal and determination, although his recovery was as yet tardy and imperfect. In his twenty-first year, he was elected Resident Physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Blockley.

His youthful appearance told against him at first, but soon his dignified character and intelligence won for him the respect and confidence, both of his associates and patients.

He remained in the Hospital nearly two years, when he was offered and accepted the position of physician to the Chinese Embassy, which left our coast in May, 1843.

On the voyage, the vessels stopped and were frequently delayed at various points, and Dr. Kane invariably seized the opportunity thus afforded him, by traveling into the interior, and exploring and visiting all that was of interest. Upon one of these occasions, he had the hardihood and daring to enter the crater of the volcano of Tacl, which is situated on one of the Phillippine Islands.

"His descent into the Tacl was a feat which only one European has attempted before, and he without success. Dr. Kane was in company with Baron Laë. They had an escort of natives, provided by the ecclesiastics of the neighboring sanctuary of Casaisay, who pointed out the only pathway to the brink of the crater.

"The two gentlemen attempted the descent together, but they soon reached a projecting ledge from which further progress was absolutely precipitous. After searching in vain for some more practicable route, the Baron gave up the project, and united with the rest of the party in efforts to persuade the doctor to abandon it also. But that was out of the question. It was Kane's temper to meet difficulty with proportioned endeavor, and to do his best to master it before he yielded.

"The attendants very reluctantly gathered from the jungle a quantity of bamboos, and fastened them into a rude but strong rope, by which, under the guidance of the Baron, they lowered him over the brink."

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE.

Once when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to ery,
Because my little brother had
"The biggest piece" of pie;
'Twas not but I had quite enough,
But then I couldn't see
The reason why a partial nurse
Should give him more than me.

They said I was a naughty boy,
But who has not seen men
Behave themselves as foolishly
As I behaved then?
Too often we are thankless for
Rich blessings, while we sigh
To think some luckier neighbor has
"A bigger piece" of pie.

TRUE faith makes the saint humble, active, and self-denying; false faith leaves men proud, indolent, and selfish.

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